THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No.23 EVERY MONDAY 9d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/-
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1963

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

YOU ARE WITNESSING A MOMENTOUS MOMENT IN AVENGERS' HISTORY... THE FIRST SCHEDULED MEETING OF THE NEW AVENGERS!
FAIR! THOSE THREE JOHNNY-COME-LATELIES ARE NOW OFFICIAL MEMBERS ... AND CAP STILL WONT LET ME BE A FULL-FLEDGED UNIFORMED AVENGER!
IT ISN'T
NOW THAT I'VE SHOWN YOU THE SECRET UNDERGROUND FORTRESS BENEATH TONY STARK'S MANSION, ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?
THERE ARE NONE FROM THE SCARLET WITCH, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I MUST BE PATIENT! WITH MY GREAT SPEED, IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE QUICK-SILVER REPLACES CAPTAIN AMERICA AS LEADER OF THIS GROUP!
DOES HE REALLY EXPECT SOMEONE AS YOUNG AND POWERFUL AS HAWKEYE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM A RELIC OF WORLD WAR TWO... LIKE HIMSELF?!

SINCE THERE ARE NO FURTHER QUESTIONS, WE SHALL BEGIN OUR FIRST MISSION... WE MUST FIND THE HULK! FOR, WITHOUT THOR, IRON MAN AND GIANT-MAN IN OUR ROSTER, WE NEED THE POWER WHICH ONLY HE CAN PROVIDE!

I KNOW WHAT EACH OF THEM IS THINKING! THEY FEEL THAT I AM THE WEAKEST OF ALL! THEY THINK ONE OF THEM SHOULD BE THE LEADER! I CAN SEE IT IN THEIR EYES!

ESPECIALLY HAWKEYE! HE HAS NEVER TAKEN ORDERS FROM ANYONE BEFORE!
LOOK, GRAND-DAD, SUPPOSE WE VOTE FOR OUR LEADER?!

AT EASE, YOU IMITATION ROBIN HOOD! WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AN AVENGER AS LONG AS I HAVE, THEN YOU'LL HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEAK OUT THAT WAY!
AND YOU CAN LIKE IT OR LUMP IT, PAL!

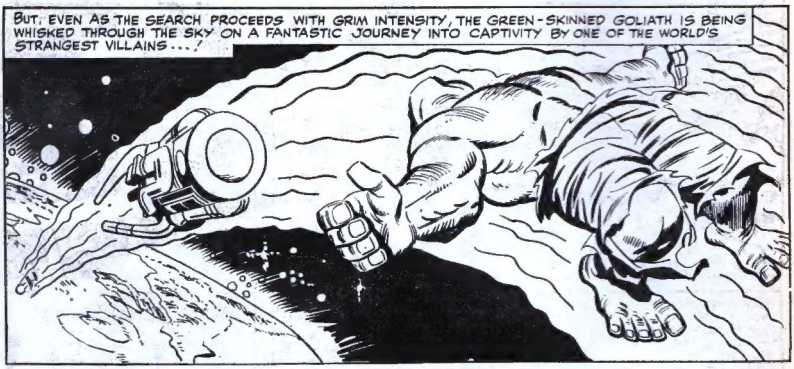
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS RIGHT! ONLY HE HAS THE EXPERIENCE TO LEAD US... FOR THE PRESENT, AT ANY RATE!
OKAY! WE CAN WAIT!

THEY'RE YOUNG, HOT-HEADED... AMBITIOUS! I HOPE I CAN HANDLE THEM, RICK!
YOU'LL DO IT FINE, CAP!
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS NO WEAKLING! I SHALL ENJOY BEING AN AVENGER!

A FEW HOURS LATER...
.....IT HAS JUST BEEN CONFIRMED THAT THE MIGHTY AVENGERS ARE CONDUCTING AN INTENSIVE SEARCH FOR THE INCREDIBLE HULK! A USUALLY RELIABLE SOURCE...

...HAS TOLD US HERE THAT THE AVENGERS ARE PREPARED TO OFFER A FULL PARTNERSHIP TO THE MYSTERIOUS GREEN-SKINNED STRONG MAN WHO IS REPORTED TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL HUMAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE FREE WORLD CARRY THE STORY IN BANNER HEADLINES...
HULK
WORLD-WIDE SEARCH BEGINS FOR THE HULK!
IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, CALL YOUR LOCAL OPERATOR AND ASK FOR A DIRECT LINE TO


BUT, EVEN AS THE SEARCH PROCEEDS WITH GRIM INTENSITY, THE GREEN-SKINNED GOLIATH IS BEING WHISKED THROUGH THE SKY ON A FANTASTIC JOURNEY INTO CAPTIVITY BY ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST VILLAINS...!

MEANWHILE, NOT SUSPECTING THE FATE OF THE ONE THEY SEEK, CAPTAIN AMERICA CONTINUES THE INDOCTRINATION OF HIS NEW ALLIES...
HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS SIGHT-SEEING? WHEN DO WE GO INTO ACTION?
SOONER THAN YOU THINK, HAWKEYE! WHILE WE AWAIT NEWS OF THE HULK, I HAVE A LITTLE "TREAT" FOR YOU!

BEING AN AVENGER MEANS MORE THAN SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS AND TAKING BOWS! WE NEVER STOP TRAINING...AS YOU SHALL SEE!
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU NEVER STOP TALKING, EITHER!

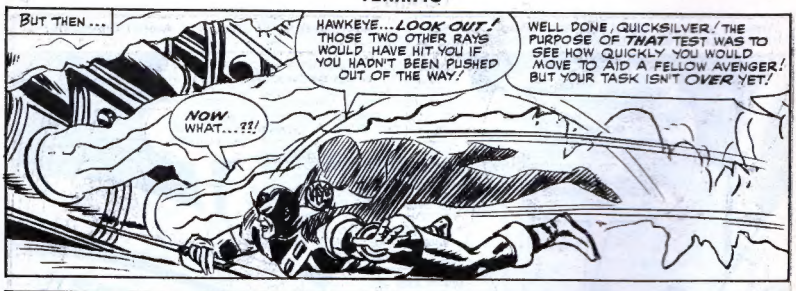
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE AVENGER USHERS THE TRIO INTO A VAST CHAMBER, THE SIGHT OF WHICH ALMOST STAGGERS THE SENSES ...!

VERY WELL, HAWKEYE! THE TIME FOR TALKING IS *PAST*! THIS IS OUR "PLAY ROOM"! IT IS FITTED WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE ELECTRONIC DEVICE TO SIMULATE ANY POSSIBLE ATTACK THAT MIGHT BE MADE ON US!

ONLY ONE AS WEALTHY AND AS BRILLIANT AS *ANTHONY STARK* COULD HAVE CREATED ALL THIS! IT IS A PITY THAT *HE* HAS NO SUPER-POWERS, FOR SOMEHOW I FEEL THAT HIS IS THE GUIDING GENIUS BEHIND THE AVENGERS!

AND YET, MY BROTHER, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT *IRON MAN*, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL AVENGERS, IS SAID TO BE IN THE EMPLOY OF TONY STARK! PERHAPS IT IS *IRON MAN* HIMSELF WHO IS THE POWER BEHIND STARK!

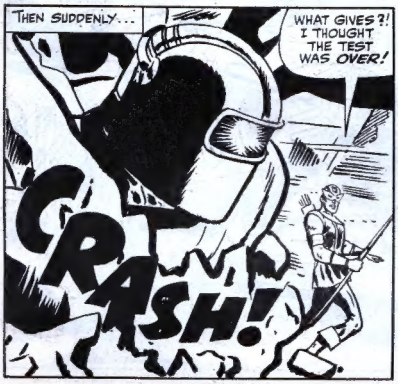
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO *DO*... GASP IN AMAZEMENT? AS FOR *ME*, I'VE SEEN MORE IMPRESSIVE SIGHTS IN *DISNEYLAND!*

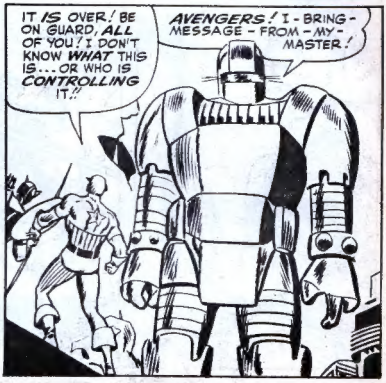

BUT THEN ...
NOW WHAT...??!
HAWKEYE...LOOK OUT! THOSE TWO OTHER RAYS WOULD HAVE HIT YOU IF YOU HADN'T BEEN PUSHED OUT OF THE WAY!
WELL DONE, QUICKSILVER! THE PURPOSE OF THAT TEST WAS TO SEE HOW QUICKLY YOU WOULD MOVE TO AID A FELLOW AVENGER! BUT YOUR TASK ISN'T OVER YET!

HE'S RIGHT! ONLY MY GREAT SPEED CAN SAVE ME FROM THESE ADDITIONAL RAYS, WHICH KEEP SHOOTING OUT, EVIDENTLY ATTRACTED BY MY OWN HEARTBEAT!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I NEEDED HELP?? ONE HIGH-PITCHED SONAR-SCREETCH ARROW WILL DESTROY THE MAIN ELECTRIC CONTROL OF ALL THESE TRAPS!
EEEEE

HE DID IT! IF I CAN JUST KEEP A TIGHT REIN ON HIM, HAWKEYE WILL BE AN AVENGER TO BE PROUD OF! HE'S A BORN FIGHTER!
YOU DESTROYED THOSE DEVICES BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT I COULD DO, HAWKEYE!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING, GORGEOUS! JUST STAND THERE AND LET US LOOK AT YOU!


THEN SUDDENLY...
WHAT GIVES?! I THOUGHT THE TEST WAS OVER!
CRASH!


IT IS OVER! BE ON GUARD, ALL OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS... OR WHO IS CONTROLLING IT!!
AVENGERS! I-BRING-MESSAGE-FROM-MY-MASTER!

IT - CONCERNS - HULK...!
HAWKEYE! QUICKSILVER! SCARLET WITCH! STAY BACK! HE'S REACHING FOR ME! IT COULD BE A TRAP! I'LL HANDLE IT!

WANDA! DID YOU SEE CAPTAIN AMERICA DODGE THAT BLOW??
YES, MY BROTHER! THOUGH HE DOES NOT POSSESS YOUR GREAT SPEED, HE MOVES WITH THE POWER AND PRECISION OF A COILED STEEL SPRING!
AND I CALLED HIM GRAND-DAD! I'M LUCKY HE DIDN'T FLATTEN ME WITH THAT SHIELD OF HIS!

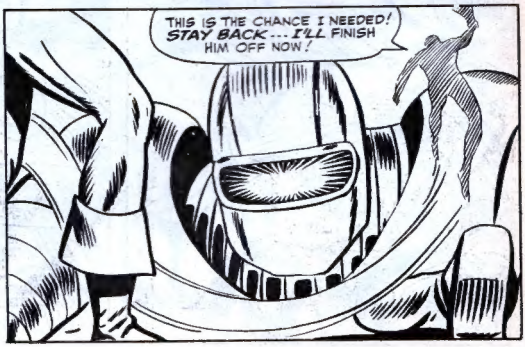
KLANGGG!
NO USE! I CAN'T FIGHT HIM THIS WAY! IT'S LIKE TRYING TO PUT A DENT INTO A BATTLESHIP WITH A CORKSCREW!

CAP CAN'T KEEP DODGING HIM FOREVER!
WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR??

MY BLASTER ARROW WON'T PENETRATE! I'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!
WHILE YOU'RE TRYING, I'LL JUST GRAB A PIECE OF STEEL TO USE AS A CROWBAR AGAINST THAT THING!

AT LAST I CAN HELP! MY HEX POWER WILL SLOW THE MONSTER UP FOR A WHILE! LET IT HAPPEN NOW!

THE ROBOT STUMBLED! AND JUST IN TIME, TOO!


THIS IS THE CHANCE I NEEDED! STAY BACK... I'LL FINISH HIM OFF NOW!

MOVING WITH DAZZLING SPEED, QUICKSILVER USES THE STEEL SHAFT HE HOLDS TO PRY OPEN THE ROBOT'S MAIN CONTROL PANEL...
I DID IT! THERE ARE HIS MASTER CONTROLS! NOW, IF I CAN JUST JAM THEM...!
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH, QUICKSILVER! HAWKEYE'S ARROW CAN FINISH THE JOB! NOW, AVENGER... DON'T MISS!!
MISS?? THERE'S NO SUCH WORD IN MY LANGUAGE, CAP! JUST WATCH ME, PARTNER!
THANNNG!

YOU'LL-FIND-HULK-IN-DESERT-DESERT-DESERT-
ALTHOUGH HE'S KAPUT, HIS MESSAGE TAPE IS STILL RUNNING...!
IF ONLY WE KNEW WHO SENT HIM HERE!
SO, THE HULK IS IN THE DESERT, EH?
IT COULD BE A TRAP! BUT THAT WON'T STOP US!

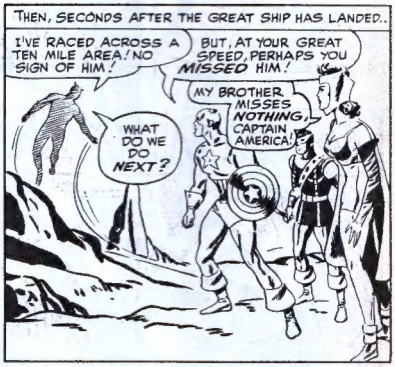
AT THAT MOMENT, THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF EARTH, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS, UNPREDICTABLE ARCH-VILLAINS OF ALL TIME WATCHES THE ENTIRE SCENE WITH GRIM SATISFACTION ---
BLAST IT! I WAS SURE MY ROBOT COULD DESTROY THEM, WITH THOR AND THE OTHER TWO POWERFUL ONES GONE!
BUT, NO MATTER! ONCE I LURE THEM TO THE DESERT, I'LL USE MY ALTERNATE PLAN TO DISPOSE OF THE AVENGERS FOREVER... AS ONLY THE MOLE MAN CAN!

THEY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RESIST THE BAIT I HAVE DANGLED BEFORE THEM... THE CHANCE THAT THEY MIGHT FIND THE HULK HERE!
BUT THEY SHALL FIND INSTEAD, THE ONE LIVING CREATURE THAT NONE CAN DEFEAT!! GO, MY MINDLESS SUBTERRANEAN SLAVES... PREPARE THE MINOTAUR FOR HIS NEXT VICTIMS!!

MINUTES LATER, THE AVENGERS' NEWEST MODEL JET-STREAM CRUISER HEADS DUE WEST...
NO POINT IN GUESSING! WE'VE TOO MANY ENEMIES!
IF IT IS A TRAP, WHO COULD BE SETTING IT FOR US?
IT COULD BE ANY ONE OF A DOZEN!

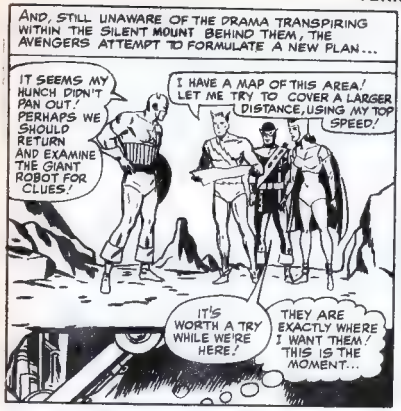
LATER...
THE DESERT'S A MIGHTY BIG PLACE, CAP! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK?
I'M PLAYING A HUNCH, HAWKEYE! I'M HEADING FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HULK HELPED US FIGHT THE LAVA MEN, MANY MONTHS AGO! *
REMEMBER SMASH 39?

THIS IS THE PLACE! I'LL LAND THE SHIP BEFORE WE'RE TRACKED BY RADAR FROM THE MISSILE BASE NEARBY!
GOOD IDEA! THEY'D JUST WASTE OUR TIME WITH A LOT OF RED TAPE!

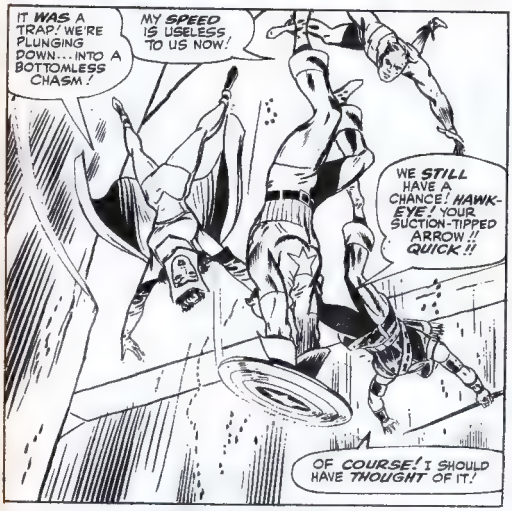

THEN, SECONDS AFTER THE GREAT SHIP HAS LANDED..
I'VE RACED ACROSS A TEN MILE AREA! NO SIGN OF HIM!
BUT, AT YOUR GREAT SPEED, PERHAPS YOU MISSED HIM!
MY BROTHER MISSES NOTHING, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

BUT, LITTLE DO THE AVENGERS SUSPECT HOW CLOSE THEY ARE TO THE ONE THEY SEEK! FOR, JUST A FEW MINUTES EARLIER, ON THE MOUNTAIN JUST BEYOND THEM, A SILENT AIRSHIP HAS DESCENDED AND ENTERED A SECRET, CAMOUFLAGED OPENING...
SAFE AT LAST! NO ONE WILL FIND ME NOW! NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW THAT THE HULK IS MY PRISONER IN MY HIDDEN RETREAT!

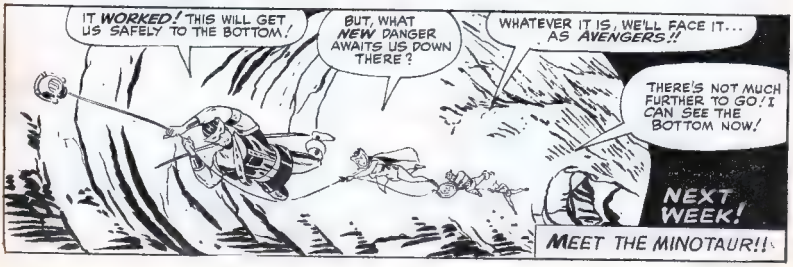
AND, MINUTES LATER, AS THE AVENGERS CONTINUE TO SEARCH VAINLY OVERHEAD, THE RAMPAGING HULK HOLDS HIS CAPTOR AT BAY IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE WHICH GROWS EVER MORE DESPERATE...


AND, STILL UNAWARE OF THE DRAMA TRANSPIRING WITHIN THE SILENT MOUNT BEHIND THEM, THE AVENGERS ATTEMPT TO FORMULATE A NEW PLAN...
IT SEEMS MY HUNCH DIDN'T PAN OUT! PERHAPS WE SHOULD RETURN AND EXAMINE THE GIANT ROBOT FOR CLUES!
I HAVE A MAP OF THIS AREA! LET ME TRY TO COVER A LARGER DISTANCE, USING MY TOP SPEED!
IT'S WORTH A TRY WHILE WE'RE HERE!
THEY ARE EXACTLY WHERE I WANT THEM! THIS IS THE MOMENT...

NOW!!


IT WAS A TRAP! WE'RE PLUNGING DOWN... INTO A BOTTOMLESS CHASM!
MY SPEED IS USELESS TO US NOW!
WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE! HAWK-EYE! YOUR SUCTION-TIPPED ARROW!! QUICK!!
OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT!

THE REST OF YOU... REACH OUT... CATCH HIS CABLE AS YOU FALL!
HE'S NEVER AT A LOSS! HE TAKES COMMAND EVERYWHERE... NO MATTER WHAT!


IT WORKED! THIS WILL GET US SAFELY TO THE BOTTOM!
BUT, WHAT NEW DANGER AWAITS US DOWN THERE?
WHATEVER IT IS, WE'LL FACE IT... AS AVENGERS!!
THERE'S NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO! I CAN SEE THE BOTTOM NOW!
NEXT WEEK!
MEET THE MINOTAUR!!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I do not deny my guilt (Please forgive me.) I know I didn't start your comics till three weeks ago but since then I have realised what geniuses you really are. Well here is my story. I was reading uninteresting stories in a grubby Brand X Comic when a friend came to show me POW! (I'd thrown WHAM and SMASH away. Please forgive me!) I read it and then I committed a dreadful crime. Although I was interested I didn't swop it for my Brand X Comic! (Please, please, forgive me.) Then FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC came along and I am now a dedicated Power Fan. So please send me £1 ball money, then I will be set free because, as you have read, I have repented.
Imprisoned Power Pal,
Max Maysh,
Blackburn, Lancs.
P.S. Hurry up please with that dough, this prison food's as bad as Brand X. Oh for a plate of Fish 'n Chips!

Forgiven!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I would like to congratulate you for putting POW, SMASH, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC on sale. My brother Frank (the rotter) buys them all on Saturday and charges me 3d. just to read one! That means that he charges me 1/- a week! That is why a lovely crisp pound note would come in handy (take a hint here, please). I think Capt. America is the most gorgeous, irresistible male I have ever seen. I hang his picture up on my bedroom wall and every night before I go to bed I blow him a kiss. Boy, I wish I could meet him! Oh, and I do wish you would print a picture of yourselves, as I am sure you must be good looking (note, female charm). Yours hopefully and lovingly (female charm again),
Anita Armstrong,
London.

My pic. has already appeared in all the Power mags, Anita, but Bart's has to be kept from you all—otherwise the printers would strike! We showed you his silhouette a few weeks back and the news is that nine old ladies fainted in Bognor Regis—they were brought round only when a smarter than average F.O. (Frantic One) lowered them into the sea in a bucket!
Alf.

Dear Sirs,
I am an American over from the state of Texas for a 3-year stay, and so far during my stay I have not found or even heard of any comic or mag as great as TERRIFIC, (and when a Texan says GREAT he means it). I also have not witnessed such mighty and well developed characters as your super-heroes.
Yours faithfully,
Bob Allen,
Newmarket.

*You could stay over here for the millennium, Tex, and you still wouldn't find a mag to better TERRIFIC. For why—it's what it says it is: **The best of British comics!***
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In a past edition of TERRIFIC David Hall said that his brother's ears quivered! His eyes revolved! — so did his head! A grin spread over his face, and the n . . . His nose lit up! Well that's nothing—when my sister laughs her eyes light up! Her nose and ears revolve, her head quivers! Her knees knock, and her hair stands on end! Beat that!
Now a request. Please don't put a football story in any of your comics!
Norman Duff,
Edinburgh 11.

We can't beat that, Norm', but here's a lil'ol' tip from the garret—that sister of yours could be very, very useful as a nut-cracker! Just hold a nut between her knees, tell her a joke and CRACK! Duff said!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
For true Frantic Followers I believe that the following should be essential: (1) They should get at least TWO Power papers a week! (2) They should have at least one letter printed in at least one of the Power pack (hint). (3) They should help you garreteers with as many suggestions and constructive criticisms as possible.
Steven Carter,
Bracknell, Herts.

No trouble here, Steve, we agree with all THREE of your suggestions . . . especially about true followers buying more than one Power comic a week (not because of the money it will bring us in, of course! just because we like to think of all you fans really ENJOYING yourselves). And as we've said time and time and time again, ANYTHING interesting you have to say about our papers is helpful . . . helping us to help you to enjoy yourselves even more!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am just going to say, Yheeeeee and Wheeeeee! I don't know why but a feller's got to say something, well ain't he ? ? ? ! Well, before I go any further, (that is to the PSYCHIATRIST up the road) I would like to say that POWER comics are FANTABOULASSER, TERRIFFIKOEUS or—I like 'em!
But now to get to the point. Please put a Spider-man pin-up on the back cover of FANTASTIC or TERRIFIC—or TERRIFIC or FANTASTIC! Sorry, but I have got to see a friend of mine up the road. So be seeing you . . .
Tony Pedder,
Southport, Lancs.
P.S. I bet you think I'm a nit.

A Spidey pin-up has already appeared way back in FANTASTIC 3. But anything to oblige Tony; another pinup of old webhead coming up in Terrific 26.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
What is on the water and in the water but doesn't touch the water?
Answer: An egg in a duck!
What game is played in court?
Answer: Tennis.
What is always behind the times?
Answer: The back of a clock.
Which man has the biggest hat?
Answer: The one with the biggest head!
Brian Coffey,
Shannon, Co. Clare.

We haven't laughed so much up here, Brian, since the last edition of WHAM came out!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Superpair:
Here is a poem:
Twirl me round and punch my nose,
I'm better than Hulk . . .
—When it comes to toes!!

Tickle my feet and comb my locks,
I'm ahead of Namor . . .
—in wearing socks!!

Spring in the air and count to thirty,
If you land in the mud . . .
—you'll come out dirty!!

Well, I did, anyway!—What's that you say? Not as dirty as when you went in? ? ! !
I'LL CLOBBA YA!!
Simon Snell,
Tooting, London.

Don't shout so loud, S.S., you made Cos jump! He's still in the air . . . and . . . and . . . yes, he's counting! He's got up to 19—and, CRACK!—he's hit the roof! And he's bounced off a beam, and . . . yes . . . he's still counting!! But wait—he's forgotten what comes after 23!!
THUMP!—Yes, Frantic Ones, that was Cos sinking into the waste paper basket. We can hear him breathing heavily—in rhyme—something about shooting SS in Tooting!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Being the world's leading expert authority on bananas, meat-pies and super-heroes I can safely assure you that TERRIFIC is the MOST !
I have a favour to ask of you and if you refuse I shall hurl a THUNDER BOLT your way which I shall borrow from my old pal Odin. The favour is . . . please send a quid (by way of the post) because I'm short of dough (for your uneducated readers that means MONEY).
Brian Gilmore,
Belfast.

Pound dispatched Belfastward, B.G., carried by a runner with a cleft stick and water-wings—we missed the post !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
A strange thing happens every night. Loki's head on my pin-up goes all green and so do Thor's feet and the lower part of his legs go all green as well ! I have Thor's pin-up directly above Loki's on the wall beside me. It glows the same green as a lovely, crinkly greenback (I'm not hinting or anything, am I ?).
I am going to take all my pin-ups off the wall and make a book. By the speed you're turning out the pin-ups I'll need at least 50 volumes ! Keep up the good work down there.
David Craig,
Fallin, Stirlingshire.
P.S. I do not wear a kilt and you don't print many letters from small villages like mine.

Why don't you wear the kilt, D.C.? Have you got tartan legs ?
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In a recent TERRIFIC you said the Imperius Rex was dog Latin. So I tried it on my dog and she looked at me as if I was a nut and walked away. But my dog is a poodle so I tried some French on her. Sorry, I can't put the French down because I can't spell it, but she did exactly the same thing. But she was born in Wales so I tried *Cymru am Byth* and she jumped up and started barking !
Haydn Nelson,
Llantrisant, S. Wales.

*Sorry to hear that the dog Latin didn't work, H.N. Your hound just can't be educated ! Incidently those of you on this side of the border might like to know that **Cymru am Byth** means, **Wales for ever** !*
Alf and Bart.

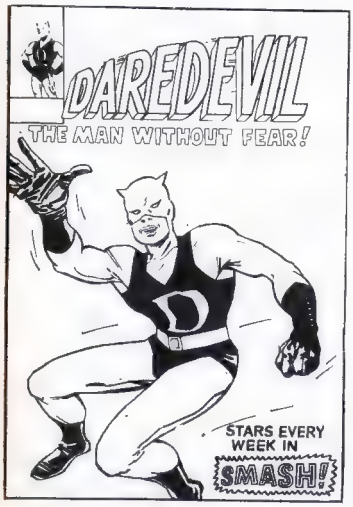
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Here's a bit of stop-press news—Next week we're handing out AVENGER T-SHIRTS to each Power-penned Frantic One who

has a letter printed on this page. So if you want to cut a real dash in the world of fashion—grab hold of your pen or your stone chisel and drop us a line !

Alf and Bart



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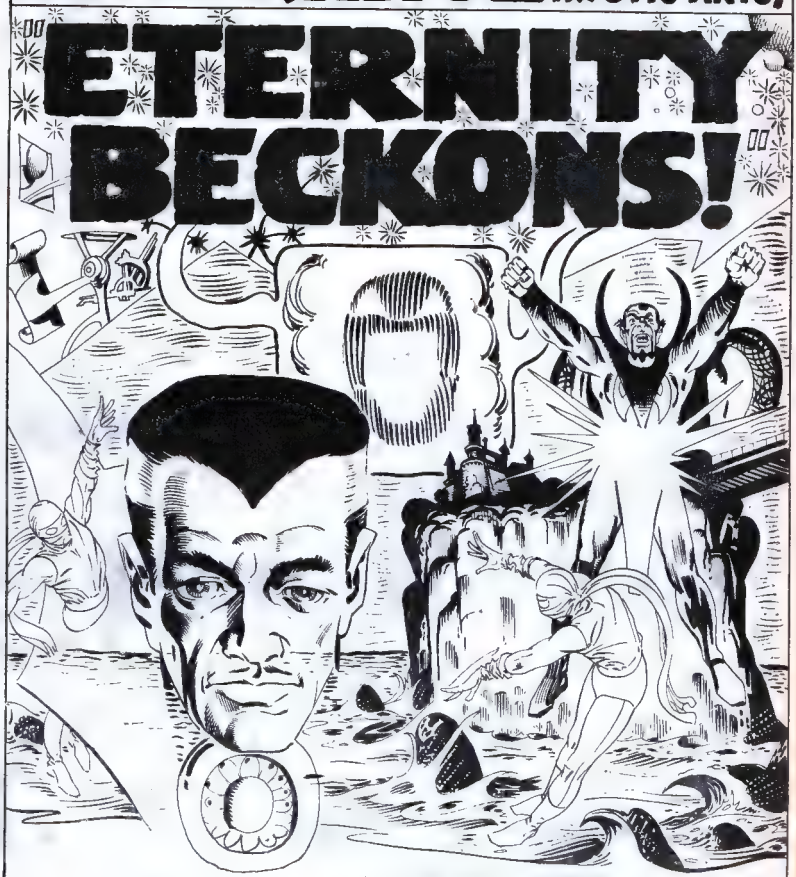
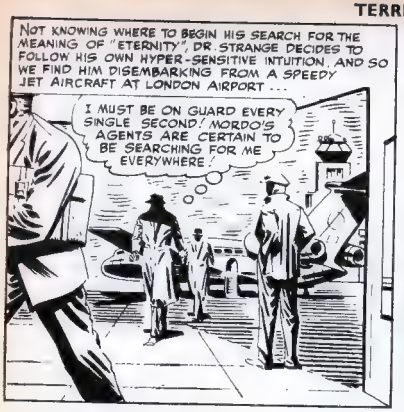
"ETERNITY BECKONS!"



Our story thus far...

SOMEWHERE IN TIBET, THE VENERABLE *ANCIENT ONE* LIES SICK AND HELPLESS, AS HIS DARING DISCIPLE, *DR. STRANGE*, BEGINS A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR THE MEANING OF "ETERNITY"!! "ETERNITY", THE SINGLE WORD WHICH THE ANCIENT ONE HAS WHISPERED OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN HIS DELIRIUM! BUT, EVEN AS DR. STRANGE SEARCHES, THE EVIL MENACE OF *BARON MORDO* IS EVER PRESENT....

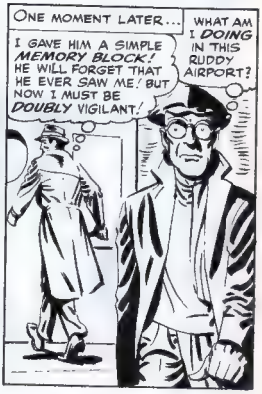
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965


NOT KNOWING WHERE TO BEGIN HIS SEARCH FOR THE MEANING OF "ETERNITY", DR. STRANGE DECIDES TO FOLLOW HIS OWN HYPER-SENSITIVE INTUITION, AND SO WE FIND HIM DISEMBARKING FROM A SPEEDY JET AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT ...
I MUST BE ON GUARD EVERY SINGLE SECOND! MORDO'S AGENTS ARE CERTAIN TO BE SEARCHING FOR ME EVERYWHERE!

I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ONE SO SOON! THAT MAN... HE TURNED FROM ME AS SOON AS THE LIGHT REVEALED MY FACE!
EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE, I CAN SENSE THE AURA OF EVIL WHICH SURROUNDS HIM!

I'LL PRETEND TO STUMBLE INTO HIM! HE'LL TURN TO FACE ME, AND THEN...
'ERE YOU! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PUSHIN'?

SILENCE! GAZE INTO MY EYES! YOUR WILL IS MY WILL! DO YOU SERVE MORDO!?
YES! I - SERVE - MORDO!

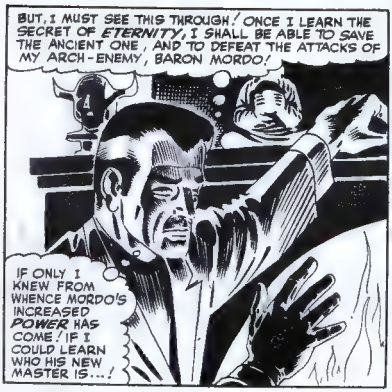

ONE MOMENT LATER...
I GAVE HIM A SIMPLE MEMORY BLOCK! HE WILL FORGET THAT HE EVER SAW ME! BUT NOW I MUST BE DOUBLY VIGILANT!
WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS RUDDY AIRPORT?

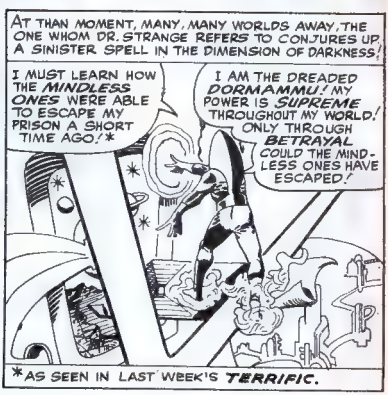
BY NIGHTFALL, THE MASTER OF MAGIC HAS REACHED HIS FIRST GOAL, A LONELY CASTLE OVERLOOKING A FOGGY ENGLISH MOOR ...
YONDER DWELLS SIR BASKERVILLE DE L'ISLE! HE HAD BEEN A DISCIPLE OF BARON MORDO'S UNTIL HE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT! NOW, HE LIVES IN LONELY SECLUSION!
THERE IS A CHANCE THAT HE MAY KNOW THE MEANING OF... ETERNITY!

DR. STRANGE! HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU! IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN ANY PRACTITIONERS OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! COME IN! COME IN! YOU MUST HAVE A SPOT OF TEA WITH ME!
MY TIME IS LIMITED, SIR BASKERVILLE! MY BUSINESS WITH YOU IS MOST URGENT!

INDEED? THEN TELL ME ... HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?
I SEEK THE MEANING OF ETERNITY! HAVE YOU ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE SECRET WHICH THAT SINGLE WORD CONTAINS?
ETERNITY? BY JOVE, YES! I CAN HELP YOU!

WAIT THERE! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME! I SEEM TO REMEMBER AN ANCIENT SCROLL WHICH I POSSESS! IT DEALT WITH ETERNITY! I SHALL SEARCH FOR IT!
TAKE OFF YOUR COAT! DO NOT LEAVE TILL I RETURN!
HE SEEMS ANXIOUS TO AID ME! AND YET.. HE SEEMS ALMOST TOO ANXIOUS!


BUT, I MUST SEE THIS THROUGH! ONCE I LEARN THE SECRET OF ETERNITY, I SHALL BE ABLE TO SAVE THE ANCIENT ONE, AND TO DEFEAT THE ATTACKS OF MY ARCH-ENEMY, BARON MORDO!
IF ONLY I KNEW FROM WHENCE MORDO'S INCREASED POWER HAS COME! IF I COULD LEARN WHO HIS NEW MASTER IS...!


AT THAN MOMENT, MANY, MANY WORLDS AWAY, THE ONE WHOM DR. STRANGE REFERS TO CONJURES UP A SINISTER SPELL IN THE DIMENSION OF DARKNESS!
I MUST LEARN HOW THE MINDLESS ONES WERE ABLE TO ESCAPE MY PRISON A SHORT TIME AGO!*
I AM THE DREADED DORMAMMU! MY POWER IS SUPREME THROUGHOUT MY WORLD! ONLY THROUGH BETRAYAL COULD THE MINDLESS ONES HAVE ESCAPED!
*AS SEEN IN LAST WEEK'S TERRIFIC.

WITH THE AID OF A SIMPLE MYSTIC SPELL, I CAN RECREATE ANY EVENT WHICH HAS TAKEN PLACE IN THE PAST WITHIN THE BORDERS OF MY DIMENSION!
AHH! AN IMAGE BEGINS TO FORM EVEN NOW!

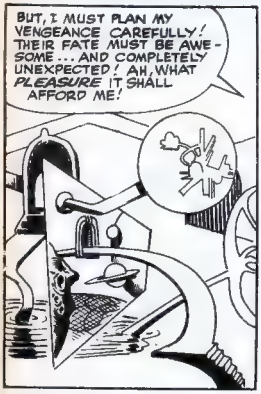
THIS IS THE PRISON... THE ENCLOSURE OF THE MINDLESS ONES, JUST BEFORE THEIR BREAKTHROUGH! BUT, WAIT! WHAT IS THAT?

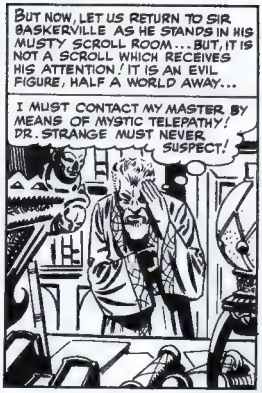
A GIRL! THE SAME ONE WHO TRIED TO BEFRIEND DR. STRANGE WHEN HE LAST INTRUDED UPON MY DARK DIMENSION!

IT WAS SHE! SHE PLANTED A POWER DRAINER WHICH WEAKENED MY ENCLOSURE!! NOW I KNOW!

LET THE ACCURSED IMAGE VANISH! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH!

SHE DID IT TO HELP DR. STRANGE! BUT SHE SHALL PAY FOR HER BETRAYAL... JUST AS HE SHALL PAY FOR DARING TO CHALLENGE THE POWER OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!


BUT, I MUST PLAN MY VENGEANCE CAREFULLY! THEIR FATE MUST BE AWESOME... AND COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED! AH, WHAT PLEASURE IT SHALL AFFORD ME!


BUT NOW, LET US RETURN TO SIR BASKERVILLE AS HE STANDS IN HIS MUSTY SCROLL ROOM... BUT, IT IS NOT A SCROLL WHICH RECEIVES HIS ATTENTION! IT IS AN EVIL FIGURE, HALF A WORLD AWAY...
I MUST CONTACT MY MASTER BY MEANS OF MYSTIC TELEPATHY! DR. STRANGE MUST NEVER SUSPECT!

MORDO! THIS IS YOUR LOYAL DISCIPLE! DR. STRANGE IS IN MY CASTLE! THE TIME TO STRIKE IS NOW!!

AT LAST!! DO NOTHING TO AROUSE HIS SUSPICIONS, BASKERVILLE! DELAY HIM! BUT, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES GIVE HIM ANY INFORMATION ABOUT ETERNITY! THAT IS MY ABSOLUTE COMMAND!
I HEAR AND OBEY, MIGHTY MASTER!

I AM STILL UNABLE TO CONTACT DORMAMMU! HE STILL ATTENDS TO MATTERS IN HIS OWN DIMENSION! BUT SOME OF HIS UNIMAGINABLE POWER CONTINUES TO SEEP THROUGH TO ME... STRENGTHENING ME FOR MY COMING BATTLE!

I SHALL REMAIN HERE, BASKING IN THE GLOW OF THE EVER-INCREASING POWER WHICH I RECEIVE FROM THE DARK DIMENSION!
AND I SHALL DISPATCH YOU TO THE CASTLE OF BASKERVILLE! THERE YOU WILL CARRY OUT MY EVERY TELEPATHIC COMMAND! FOR, YOU SHALL BE THE TOOL WITH WHICH I DESTROY DR. STRANGE!

BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR... BY CYTTORAK'S CRIMSON BANDS! I SEND THEE THROUGH THE UNSEEN DOOR... GO THOU WHERE MY SPELL COMMANDS!

NO HUMAN EYES COULD POSSIBLY DETECT THE SHIMMERING LIGHT WHICH SPEEDS AROUND THE GLOBE FASTER THAN THE FASTEST LASER BEAM... UNTIL...

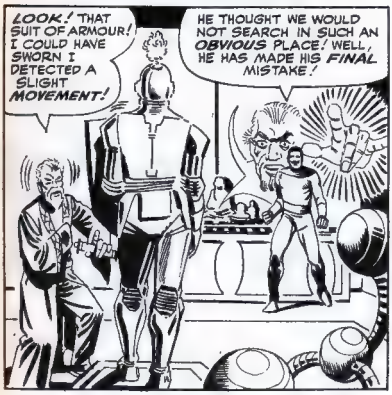
A BURST OF LIGHT, CHANGING... REFORMING... GLOWING WITH A SOUL-SHATTERING BRILLIANCE!
IT IS MORDO'S DOING! HE HAS ANSWERED MY SUMMONS!

I HAVE COME, BASKERVILLE! THOUGH I SPEAK THROUGH ANOTHER'S LIPS, I AM YOUR MASTER! I SEE, I HEAR, AND I COMMAND!

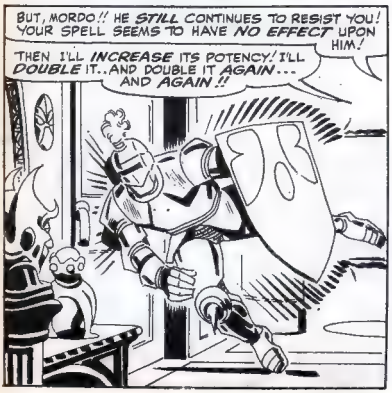
SECONDS LATER...
ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS PERFECTLY CLEAR, BASKERVILLE? THERE MUST BE NO ERROR! DR. STRANGE MUST NOT ESCAPE!
FEAR NOT, MORDO! I SHALL DISTRACT HIM WHILST YOU ENTER BEHIND HIM! HE TRUSTS ME! HE SUSPECTS NOTHING!

AND SO...
I HAVE FOUND IT, MY FRIEND! COME, LET US STUDY IT TOGETHER!
BRING IT TO ME, BASKERVILLE! I MUST BE CERTAIN THAT IT IS AUTHENTIC! IT MUST BE TESTED!

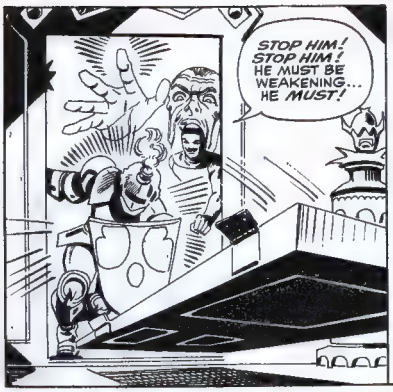
CERTAINLY, DR. STRANGE! JUST STAND WHERE YOU ARE! I SHALL BRING IT TO YOU!
HAH!! YOU DID IT, MORDO! YOU GOT HIM! HE DIDN'T DREAM THAT YOU--- WAIT!!
IT ISN'T HE!! IT'S JUST AN ILLUSION! HE MADE US BETRAY OURSELVES!!
INCOMPETENT FOOL!! YOU ASSURED ME HE SUSPECTED NOTHING!!
BUT, IT IS STILL NOT TOO LATE! HE MUST BE NEARBY! WE CAN STILL FIND HIM!


LOOK! THAT SUIT OF ARMOUR! I COULD HAVE SWORN I DETECTED A SLIGHT MOVEMENT!
HE THOUGHT WE WOULD NOT SEARCH IN SUCH AN OBVIOUS PLACE! WELL, HE HAS MADE HIS FINAL MISTAKE!

MASTER! HE TRIES TO FLEE! IF HE SHOULD ESCAPE...!
THERE IS NO ESCAPE! THAT USELESS ARMOUR! CANNOT SHIELD HIM FROM A MYSTIC SPELL!


BUT, MORDO!! HE STILL CONTINUES TO RESIST YOU! YOUR SPELL SEEMS TO HAVE NO EFFECT UPON HIM!
THEN I'LL INCREASE ITS POTENCY! I'LL DOUBLE IT..AND DOUBLE IT AGAIN--- AND AGAIN!!

IT CANNOT BE! NOTHING MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD CAN WITHSTAND THE FORCE I AM HURLING AGAINST HIM....A FORCE BACKED UP BY THE POWER OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU HIMSELF!


STOP HIM! STOP HIM! HE MUST BE WEAKENING... HE MUST!

HAH!! I WAS RIGHT! HE IS BEGINNING TO FALTER! HE CANNOT RUN MUCH FURTHER! ONCE THROUGH THAT DOORWAY YOU WILL HAVE HIM!!

IT WORKED! I WAS HOPING YOU'D RUN THROUGH THE DOORWAY!
OOOFF...!
WHOK!

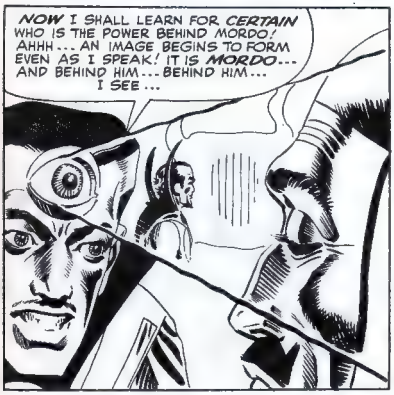
MORDO'S IMAGE HAS FADED AWAY, AS I KNEW IT WOULD ONCE HIS EMISSARY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS! AS FOR YOU, BASKERVILLE...
YOU SHALL NEVER BETRAY ME AGAIN!

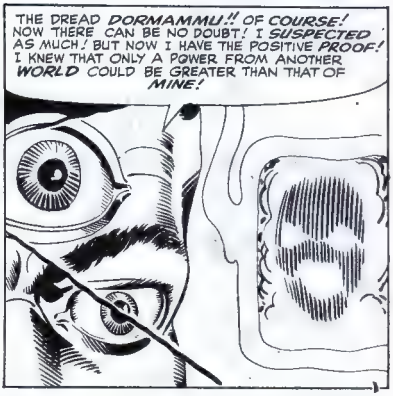
AND, BACK IN THE SANCTUM OF BARON MORDO...
I'VE LOST CONTACT!! BUT HOW... WHY??
IT HAPPENED SO FAST! I..I STILL DO NOT COMPREHEND THE REASON!!

BUT, I MUST NOT GIVE UP NOW! I MUST CONTINUE TO ATTACK MY ACCURSED ARCH-ENEMY, BEFORE I LOSE HIS TRAIL ONCE MORE!
SPIRITS OF EVIL, I SUMMON THEE!! APPEAR AT ONCE!

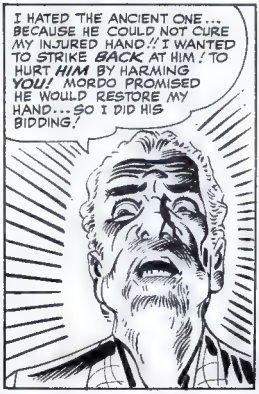
GO THOU!! BE THE EYES OF MORDO! I MUST KNOW WHAT HAS OCCURRED BEFORE I CAN ACT AGAIN!

BUT, THIS TIME THE EVIL SPIRITS MOVE MORE SLOWLY, WITH GREATER CAUTION! AND, BEFORE THEY CAN REACH THEIR DESTINATION...
WHILE BASKERVILLE STANDS TRANSFIXED, I SHALL PROBE YOUR MEMORY WITH THE MYSTIC EYE OF AGAMOTTO!


NOW I SHALL LEARN FOR CERTAIN WHO IS THE POWER BEHIND MORDO! AHHH... AN IMAGE BEGINS TO FORM EVEN AS I SPEAK! IT IS MORDO... AND BEHIND HIM... BEHIND HIM... I SEE...


THE DREAD DORMAMMU!! OF COURSE! NOW THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT! I SUSPECTED AS MUCH! BUT NOW I HAVE THE POSITIVE PROOF! I KNEW THAT ONLY A POWER FROM ANOTHER WORLD COULD BE GREATER THAN THAT OF MINE!

NOW YOU! TELL ME TRULY WHAT YOU KNOW OF ETERNITY! BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, YOU CANNOT NOW SPEAK A FALSEHOOD!
I-KNOW-NOTHING!


I HATED THE ANCIENT ONE... BECAUSE HE COULD NOT CURE MY INJURED HAND!! I WANTED TO STRIKE BACK AT HIM! TO HURT HIM BY HARMING YOU! MORDO PROMISED HE WOULD RESTORE MY HAND... SO I DID HIS BIDDING!

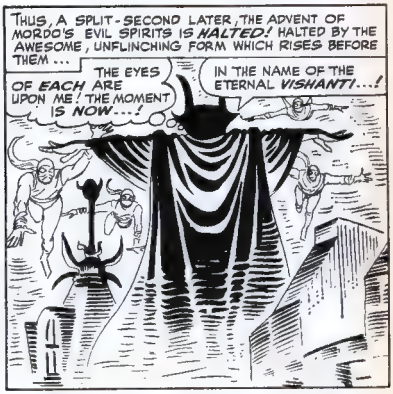
IT IS AS I GUESSED! NOW HEED MY WORDS! MORDO DECEIVED YOU! HE CANNOT CURE YOUR HAND! IT IS BEYOND THE POWER OF SORCERY! AND NOW, YOU INTEREST ME NO LONGER!

NEXT, I MUST MOVE WITH DELIBERATE SPEED, BEFORE MORDO'S NEXT ATTACK!
BY THE POWER OF MY FLOATING CAPE, LET THAT SUIT OF ARMOUR APPROACH ME!

I WAS LUCKY MY RUSE WORKED! BY QUICKLY PUTTING MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION WITHIN THE ARMOUR, AND THUS MAKING IT MOVE, I HOPED MORDO WOULD THINK I WAS INSIDE! AND MY PLAN SUCCEEDED!

BUT ONCE AGAIN, I MUST DO THE UNEXPECTED! MORDO'S EVIL SPIRITS MUST BE ABOUT TO ATTACK ME AT THIS VERY MOMENT! THEY WILL NOT FIND ME UNPREPARED!

THEY WILL EXPECT ME TO TRY TO FLEE! THEY WILL BE READY TO PURSUE ME! BUT, I SHALL HOLD MY GROUND! I SHALL FACE THEM! IT IS THE ONE THING THEY SHALL NOT EXPECT!


THUS, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE ADVENT OF MORDO'S EVIL SPIRITS IS HALTED! HALTED BY THE AWESOME, UNFLINCHING FORM WHICH RISES BEFORE THEM ...
THE EYES OF EACH ARE UPON ME! THE MOMENT IS NOW...!
IN THE NAME OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI...!

...I CLAIM COMPLETE CONTROL OVER YOUR MINDS AND THOUGHTS!! NO OTHER COMMAND CAN SUPERCEDE MINE! THE THOUGHT I NOW GIVE YOU WILL BECOME YOUR OWN!
DR. STRANGE HAS FLED TO THE NETHERWORLD! YOU MUST FOLLOW HIM THERE!

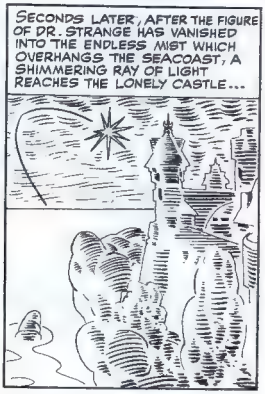
ONCE AGAIN, THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, THE POWER OF THE UNEXPECTED, HAS SAVED ME FROM MORDO'S EVIL LEGIONS! THEY SHALL WASTE PRECIOUS TIME SEARCHING THE NETHER-WORLD IN VAIN!

BUT, THE CRAFTY MORDO SENSES THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE AMISS...
MY EVIL SPIRITS NOW PURSUE STRANGE TO THE NETHERWORLD! BUT, WHY HAVE I LOST CONTACT WITH BASKERVILLE?
SOMETHING IS WRONG! I CAN SENSE IT!

I MUST GO TO THE CASTLE IN PERSON! BUT FIRST, I SHALL ARM MYSELF BY ABSORBING AS MUCH OF DORMAMMU'S POWER AS I CAN!

BUT, BEFORE BARON MORDO CAN REACH THE SCENE...
I HAVE WON THIS ENCOUNTER WITH MORDO! I OUT-MANŒUVRED HIM AT EVERY TURN!

AND YET, MY VICTORY IS NOT REALLY A VICTORY AT ALL! FOR, MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF "ETERNITY" HAS ENDED IN COMPLETE FAILURE FOR ME!

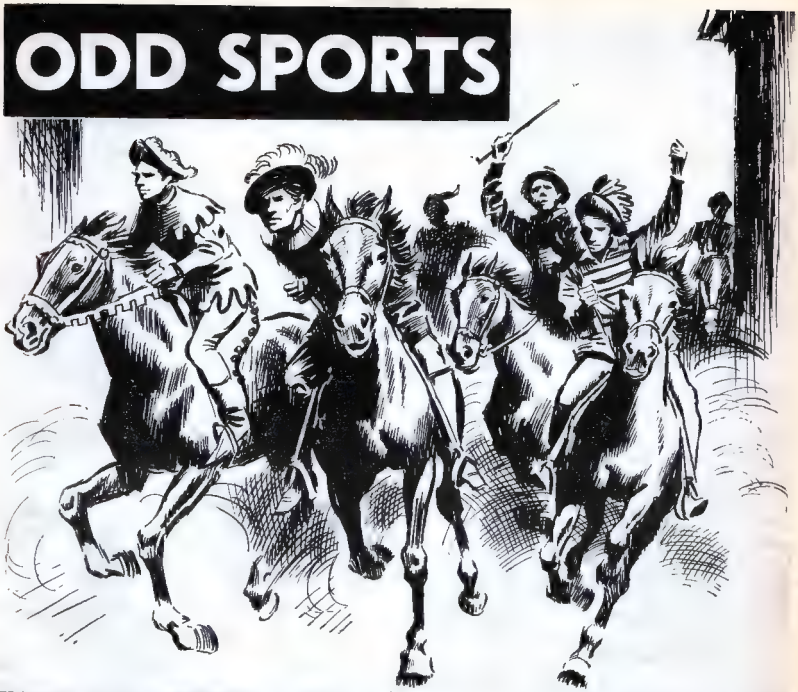

SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE HAS VANISHED INTO THE ENDLESS MIST WHICH OVERHANGS THE SEACOAST, A SHIMMERING RAY OF LIGHT REACHES THE LONELY CASTLE...

...AND MORDO AT LAST REALIZES HIS TRAP HAS FAILED!
STRANGE IS GONE! HE SLIPPED THROUGH THE FINGERS OF MY DISCIPLE, AND MY EVIL SPIRITS!

AND SO, MY SEARCH BEGINS ANEW! BUT, I GROW STRONGER WITH EACH PASSING HOUR! NEXT TIME THE TRIUMPH SHALL BE MINE! IT MUST BE MINE!

FOR I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL DR. STRANGE EXISTS NO MORE! THIS, DO I, BARON MORDO, SOLEMNLY VOW!
AND SO, THE MISTS CLOSE OVER THE FOG-SHROUDED SEACOAST, AND THE WORDS OF THE EVIL ONE ARE LOST IN THE MURMURING OF THE MIDNIGHT BREEZE...

ODD SPORTS



HORSE-RACE THROUGH A CITY

On August 16 every year, the people of Siena in Italy gather in the Piazza or city square to watch a horse-race.

Called the Palio of Siena, the event is one of the oldest horse-races in Europe, dating from the 12th century.

Each of Siena's ten wards or districts enters a horse and rider. For two days before the final race, eliminating heats are run until the four best horses are left to run for the trophy, which is a palio or banner. The course, which is once round the square, is about half-a-mile.

When the clock on a tower on the edge of the square strikes seven on the morning of the final, the four horses running are led out to the starting point. The riders are in medieval costume and the windows and roof-tops of the houses surrounding the square are packed with spectators.

Then a starting gun is fired and the horses are off. Although the square is paved with brick and very slippery with a number of sharp turns, the horses are ridden at breakneck speed. It is seldom that one does not fall before the end.

Football Without Goals

One of the oddest football matches in England is played every St. Andrew's Day (November 30) at Eton College. The match has been played for hundreds of years, and in that time less than half-a-dozen goals have been scored.

The opposing teams are eleven Oppidians, representing most of the boys at Eton, and eleven Collegers or King's Scholars.

The teams line up at the middle point of a wall 120 feet long. Some distance on each side of this is a chalk mark called the calx. The pitch is the distance between the chalk marks and a line 18 feet from the wall.

Five players from each side, called bullies, keep close to the wall, and round them the scrums take place. The rest of the players on both sides try to push the ball behind their opponents calx in order to touch it against the wall with one hand.

If anyone succeeds in getting the ball against the wall, his side is allowed a "shy" at one of the two goals. The goal at one end of the pitch is a garden door, and at the other a mark on a tree.

As it is almost impossible to get a goal the team with the most shies wins.

Turtle Hunting With a Fish

Every year coastal villages in the more remote parts of Indonesia meet to decide a turtle-hunting championship. And the hunters are not men but fish—remora fish.

The remora is one of the strangest creatures in the sea. It has the body of an ordinary fish, but on top of its head is a row of suckers. When the remora spots any moving object it promptly attaches itself to it by its suckers. The suckers are so strong that the remora cannot be pulled off anything to which it attaches itself. The only way to release the suckers is to raise their edges and let in air to break the suction.

Competitors in the turtle-hunt line up in canoes. There is one man in each canoe and he has his remora which is about three feet long, in a tank of water. Fixed to the base of the fish's tail fin is a long length of strong cord. The other end of the cord is attached to the side of the canoe.

At the "off" signal, each competitor throws his remora overboard holding on to the cord attached to its tail.

The fish set off at a tremendous speed. Suddenly, one of the lines to a canoe tightens. The owner starts pulling on the cord, and a few minutes later the remora is hauled in attached to a turtle.

The remora catching the biggest turtle is declared champion of the year. Last year's champion caught a turtle weighing just on one hundred pounds.

Now that the master of many sizes has left the AVENGERS what better time to do something about the sacks of mail from you frantic fans DEMANDING to see something of the HECTIC life that GIANT-MAN and the WASP lead on their own. So we're going to make a back flip in time to that historic day when Hank (already Ant-Man) first swallowed a dose of enlarging fluid . . . and . . . BOOM ! ! ! Quick, wild ones, turn over.

HIGH-POCKETS AND THE WASP starring in

"THE BIRTH OF GIANT-MAN!"

A POWER PACK PRESENTATION SUPER-SPECTACULAR

AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION ROCKS A QUIET HOUSE ON A QUIET STREET IN A QUIET SUBURB OF A QUIET AREA OF TOWN! AND THEN... A GIGANTIC FIGURE EMERGES!

WHA...?? WHAT IN THE NAME OF CREATION... IS THAT??!

JUST MADE IT! ANOTHER MINUTE AND I'D HAVE BEEN CRUSHED INSIDE THOSE WALLS!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1963

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER BRIGHTLY COSTUMED FIGURE APPEARS! IT IS THE LOVELY JANET VAN DYNE, BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD, WHEN SHE ATTAINS HER INSECT SIZE, AS THE WONDERFUL *WASP!*

JAN! MY EXPERIMENT BACKFIRED! I - I MUST HAVE TAKEN TOO BIG A DOSE OF THE NEW *ENLARGING FLUID!*

I'M STILL GROWING! QUICKLY, DROP A REDUCING PELLET IN MY MOUTH!

I HEARD THE EXPLOSION! LUCKILY, I WAS NEARBY! I SAW THE GARDENER RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD IN PANIC, AND GUESSED WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

HERE, SWALLOW THIS RIGHT AWAY! I ALWAYS *SAID* YOU HAD A BIG HEAD, BUT *THIS* IS RIDICULOUS!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE ASTONISHING CHEMICAL BEGINS TO WORK...

I..I LEARNED AN IMPORTANT LESSON, JAN! WHEN I WAS GIANT-SIZED, I WAS ALMOST TOO WEAK TO MOVE!

I MUST NEVER ALLOW MYSELF TO GROW TALLER THAN *TWELVE FEET*... ANY MORE THAN THAT, AND I BECOME TOO BIG TO SUPPORT MY OWN WEIGHT!

AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED, HENRY PYM, I LIKE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU *ARE!* YOU'RE A PERFECT *HUG-SIZE* NOW!

BE SERIOUS, JAN! THIS IS NO TIME FOR THAT KIND OF TALK!

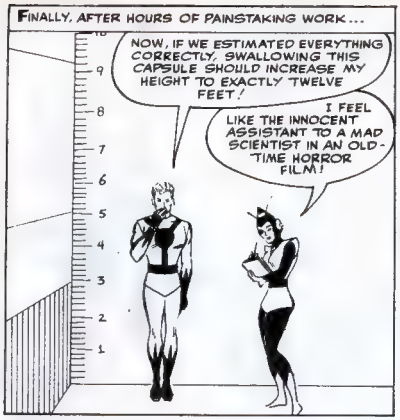
YOU BIG, UNROMANTIC DREAMBOAT! I *AM* SERIOUS!

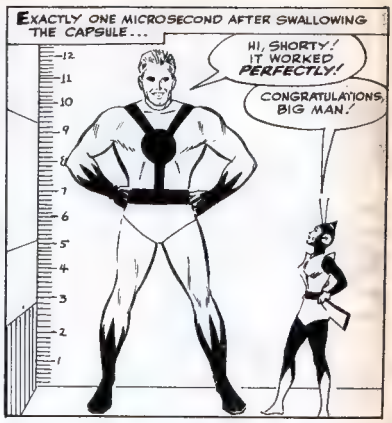
LOOK, KID... I'VE WORKED FOR WEEKS TO PUT OUR GROWTH AND SHRINKING VAPOURS IN CAPSULE FORM! I'VE EVEN DESIGNED THIS NEW UNIFORM TO WEAR WHEN I GET *LARGER* THAN LIFE SIZE! BUT, THE JOB ISN'T FINISHED! I'VE GOT TO *PERFECT* THEM!

WHY COULDN'T I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A NICE SIMPLE BUTCHER OR BAKER?

HONEY, YOU'RE JUST IN LOVE WITH THE IDEA OF *BEING* IN LOVE! NOW BUTTON THOSE RUBY LIPS UNTIL WE FINISH THIS JOB!

EVEN WHEN YOU CALL ME "HONEY" YOU MAKE IT SOUND... *MEDICINAL!*


FINALLY, AFTER HOURS OF PAINSTAKING WORK...
NOW, IF WE ESTIMATED EVERYTHING CORRECTLY, SWALLOWING THIS CAPSULE SHOULD INCREASE MY HEIGHT TO EXACTLY TWELVE FEET!
I FEEL LIKE THE INNOCENT ASSISTANT TO A MAD SCIENTIST IN AN OLD-TIME HORROR FILM!


EXACTLY ONE MICROSECOND AFTER SWALLOWING THE CAPSULE...
HI, SHORTY! IT WORKED PERFECTLY!
CONGRATULATIONS, BIG MAN!

MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY POLICE STATION...
I TELL YOU, THERE'S A GIANT WRECKING HENRY PYM'S HOUSE!
WAIT! LISTEN TO ME! WHERE'S EVERYONE RUNNING TO?

SO YOU SAW A GIANT, HUH? WELL, WE'RE FOLLOWIN' UP A REPORT ABOUT A LIFE-SIZE PIXIE WHO'S RUNNIN' AROUND ERASING PEOPLE!! THE NEXT NUTTY CALL WILL PROBABLY REPORT A GREMLIN STEALIN' THE TOWN HALL!
B-BUT I DID SEE A GIANT!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, AT A LOCAL PARK...
FAN OUT, YOU GUYS! THIS IS WHERE THE ERASER WAS LAST SIGHTED!
WHAT KIND OF WILD GOOSE CHASE IS THIS? HOW CAN ANYONE ERASE A HUMAN BEING?
BEATS ME, PAT! BUT THE CHIEF SAYS SEARCH, SO WE SEARCH!

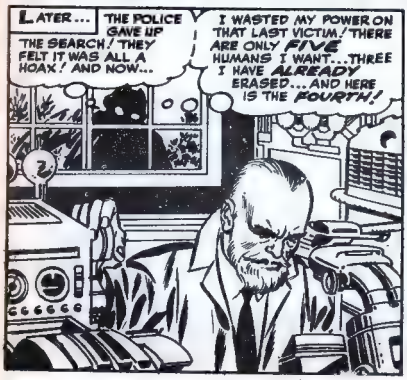
I WONDER WHAT ALL THE POLICE ARE DOING HERE?
THAT BUMBLING FOOL IS GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
DOGS
HOT DOGS

SAY!! WHO... WHAT??!
YOU HAVE DISCOVERED ME! YOU MUST BE... ERASED!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME??!
TWO MORE SWEEPS OF MY HAND AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE!!
FAREWELL, HUMAN...

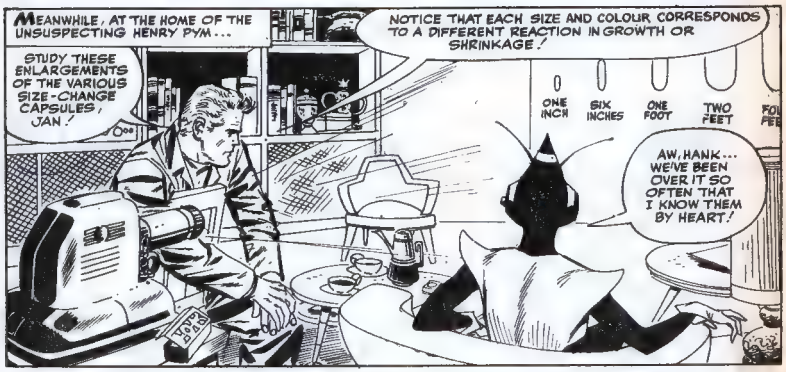
...YOU HAVE BEEN... ERASED!!

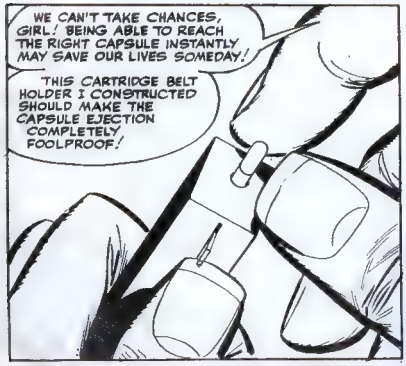

LATER...
THE POLICE GAVE UP THE SEARCH! THEY FELT IT WAS ALL A HOAX! AND NOW...
I WASTED MY POWER ON THAT LAST VICTIM! THERE ARE ONLY FIVE HUMANS I WANT...THREE I HAVE ALREADY ERASED...AND HERE IS THE FOURTH!

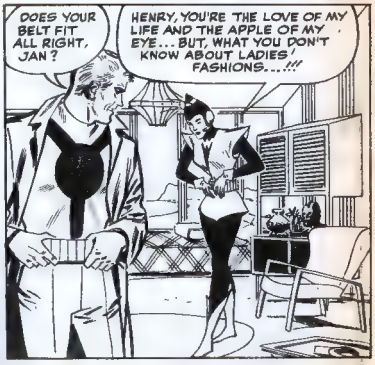
PROFESSOR EBBHART, THE RENOWNED ATOMIC GENIUS! MEET...THE ERASER!
NO... NO!!

IT IS DONE!
I HAVE ERASED TWO MORE ATOMIC EXPERTS...DOCTOR LEWIS STEMM, AND PROFESSOR EBBHART! AND NOW, I SHALL FINISH MY TASK...

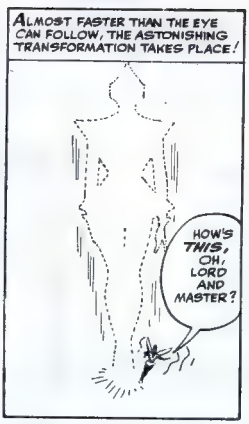
THE LAST NAME ON MY LIST IS HENRY PYM, THE EXPERIMENTAL WIZARD!
WITH A MERE STROKE OF MY HAND, I SHALL ERASE HIM AS EASILY AS THE OTHERS!

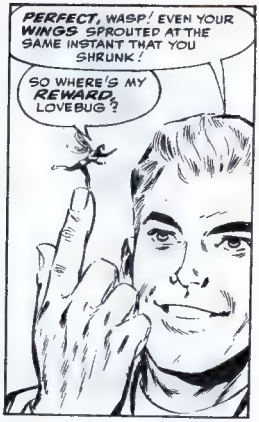

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THE UNSUSPECTING HENRY PYM...
STUDY THESE ENLARGEMENTS OF THE VARIOUS SIZE-CHANGE CAPSULES, JAN!
NOTICE THAT EACH SIZE AND COLOUR CORRESPONDS TO A DIFFERENT REACTION IN GROWTH OR SHRINKAGE!
ONE INCH
SIX INCHES
ONE FOOT
TWO FEET
AW, HANK... WE'VE BEEN OVER IT SO OFTEN THAT I KNOW THEM BY HEART!


WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES, GIRL! BEING ABLE TO REACH THE RIGHT CAPSULE INSTANTLY MAY SAVE OUR LIVES SOMEDAY!
THIS CARTRIDGE BELT HOLDER I CONSTRUCTED SHOULD MAKE THE CAPSULE EJECTION COMPLETELY FOOLPROOF!


DOES YOUR BELT FIT ALL RIGHT, JAN?
HENRY, YOU'RE THE LOVE OF MY LIFE AND THE APPLE OF MY EYE... BUT, WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT LADIES' FASHIONS...!!!

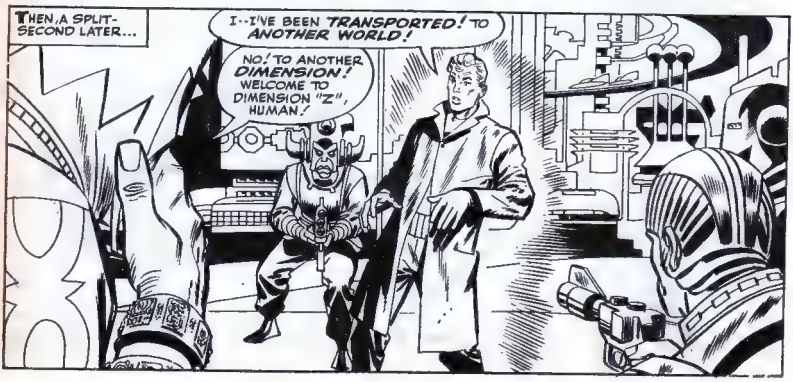
I NEVER CLAIMED TO BE A MARY QUANT KID! NOW TEST YOUR SHRINKING CAPSULES ... ATTAIN A HEIGHT OF ONE INCH ... IMMEDIATELY!
YES, B'WANA!


ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, THE ASTONISHING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE!
HOW'S THIS, OH, LORD AND MASTER?

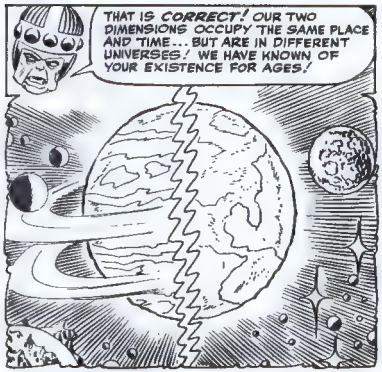

PERFECT, WASP! EVEN YOUR WINGS SPROUTED AT THE SAME INSTANT THAT YOU SHRUNK!
SO WHERE'S MY REWARD, LOVEBUG?

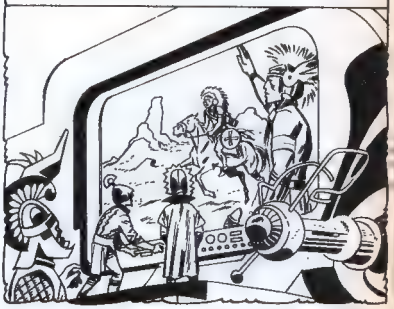
BUT, AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A STRANGE FIGURE ENTERS THE ROOM ... MAKES A DRAMATIC GESTURE, AND ...
I'VE COME FOR YOU, HENRY PYM!
WHA...!!

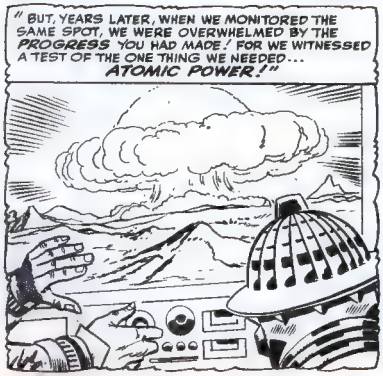
YOU MOVED QUICKLY, HUMAN ... BUT FLIGHT IS USELESS! ONE MORE PASS, AND YOU WILL BE GONE!
IT CAN'T BE!! I'M ACTUALLY BEING ... ERASED!


THEN, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...
I--I'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED! TO ANOTHER WORLD!
NO! TO ANOTHER DIMENSION! WELCOME TO DIMENSION "Z", HUMAN!

BUT I DO NOT SEE MY FAITHFUL "ERASER"! AH, HE ARRIVES NOW!
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, YOUR SUPREMACY! THIS IS THE FIFTH AND FINAL HUMAN SCIENTIST YOU REQUESTED!
THAT "ERASING"...IT'S REALLY A METHOD OF TRAVELLING FROM YOUR DIMENSION TO OURS!


THAT IS CORRECT! OUR TWO DIMENSIONS OCCUPY THE SAME PLACE AND TIME... BUT ARE IN DIFFERENT UNIVERSES! WE HAVE KNOWN OF YOUR EXISTENCE FOR AGES!

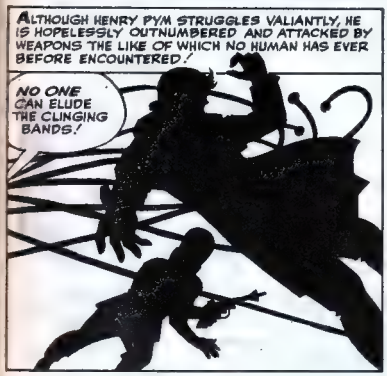

"ALTHOUGH WE MONITORED YOU FOR CENTURIES, YOU WERE MUCH TOO PRIMITIVE TO BE OF ANY INTEREST TO US! IN FACT, WE WERE AMUSED BY YOUR SAVAGE ANTICS!"


"BUT, YEARS LATER, WHEN WE MONITORED THE SAME SPOT, WE WERE OVERWHELMED BY THE PROGRESS YOU HAD MADE! FOR WE WITNESSED A TEST OF THE ONE THING WE NEEDED... ATOMIC POWER!"

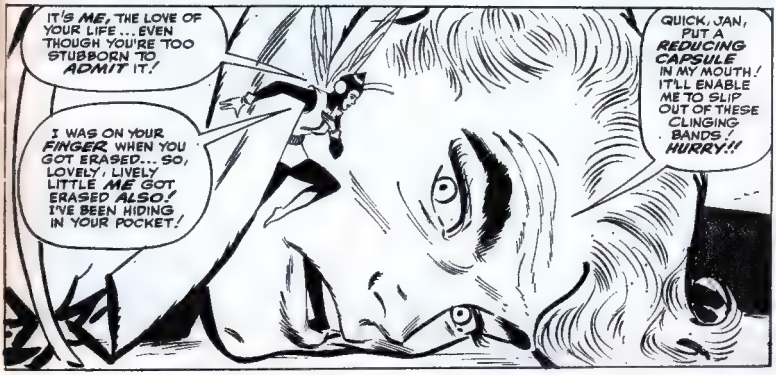
AND SO WE DEVELOPED A METHOD OF TRAVELLING FROM OUR DIMENSION TO YOURS... A METHOD KNOWN AS "ERASING"!
ENOUGH TALK! NOW THAT WE HAVE OUR PRISONERS, PUT THEM TO WORK! THEY MUST INSTRUCT OUR SCIENTISTS ON HOW TO CREATE ATOMIC WEAPONS!

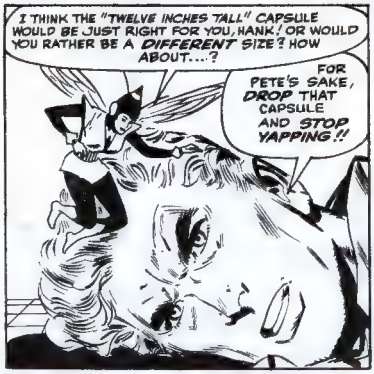
SO THAT YOU CAN INVADE OUR DIMENSION IN FORCE?! SO THAT YOU CAN ATTACK US WITH OUR OWN WEAPONS? MISTER, YOU GOT YOURSELVES THE WRONG BOY!!

THE HUMAN HAS COURAGE... BUT HE IS ALSO FOOLHARDY! SHOW HIM THAT RESISTANCE IS USELESS!
AT ONCE, YOUR SUPREMACY!


ALTHOUGH HENRY PYM STRUGGLES VALIANTLY, HE IS HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED AND ATTACKED BY WEAPONS THE LIKE OF WHICH NO HUMAN HAS EVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED!
NO ONE CAN ELUDE THE CLINGING BANDS!

HANK, OLD BUDDY BOY, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'RE REALLY IN THE SOUP NOW
I-- I HEAR WHISPERING! WHO SAID THAT??


IT'S ME, THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE... EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE TOO STUBBORN TO ADMIT IT!
I WAS ON YOUR FINGER WHEN YOU GOT ERASED... SO, LOVELY, LIVELY LITTLE ME GOT ERASED ALSO! I'VE BEEN HIDING IN YOUR POCKET!
QUICK, JAN, PUT A REDUCING CAPSULE IN MY MOUTH! IT'LL ENABLE ME TO SLIP OUT OF THESE CLINGING BANDS! HURRY!!


I THINK THE "TWELVE INCHES TALL" CAPSULE WOULD BE JUST RIGHT FOR YOU, HANK! OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A DIFFERENT SIZE? HOW ABOUT...?
FOR PETE'S SAKE, DROP THAT CAPSULE AND STOP YAPPING!!

HMMPH! NEXT TIME I'LL LET YOU STAY TIED UP, YOU BIG OL' GROUCH!
ONE BILLION FEMALES IN THE WORLD, AND I HAD TO PICK THAT EXQUISITE EMPTY-HEAD FOR A PARTNER!

THE PRISONER IS GONE!!
LOOK! HE HAS BECOME ONLY A FOOT TALL!
I TOOK THEM BY SURPRISE! SO FAR, SO GOOD!
HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!!!
HE MOVES TOO FAST!!
GRAB HIM!!
STOP HIM!

AS THE "DIMENSION Z" MEN CLOSE IN, THE WASP USES HER OWN DIVERSIONARY TACTICS..
NYAH! NYAH! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!
WHAT IS THAT?!

YOUR FLIGHT IS IN VAIN, HUMAN! OUR HUNTER HOUND WILL CATCH YOU, NO MATTER WHERE YOU RUN!
I'VE GOT TO SLIP OUT OF THESE CLOTHES AND REACH MY BELT-CAPSULE CONTAINERS!

Unsolicited testimonial

Bournemouth, Hants.

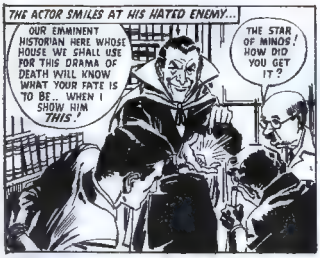
Dear Alf and Bert,
I have tried the cane business; TERRIFIC is terrifically cane-proof!
Yours,
Tim Hackwell.
P.S. My TERRIFIC's got a cane mark on it.

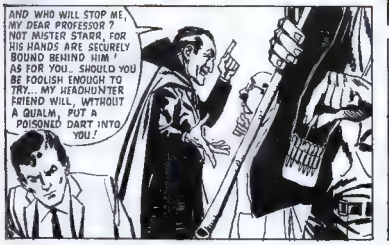
ARE YOU PREPARED???
Place a regular order for GUARANTEED, CANE-PROOF TERRIFIC!!

Hand this to your newsagent
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
O fabled dispenser of POWER please deliver/reserve me a copy of TERRIFIC until further notice.
Signature of parent or guardian.....

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

SPECIAL AGENT DON STARR HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE MASTER CRIMINAL CALLED THE ACTOR, WHO, WITH THE HELP OF HIS HEADHUNTER HENCHMAN, HAS STOLEN THE FABULOUS DIAMOND, THE STAR OF MINOS . . .





DON'S EYES BURN FROM THE DAZZLING LIGHT AS THE SUN SHINES THROUGH THE HUGE DIAMOND...
SEE HOW THE STAR OF MINOS DIRECTS RAYS OF INTENSIFIED SUNLIGHT AGAINST THE WAXEN PILLARS! GRADUALLY, UNDER THE HEAT OF THE SUN RAYS THE WAXEN PILLARS WILL MELT AND WEAKEN! AND THEN... AND THEN...
...AND THEN I GET CLOBBERED WITH A TON OF SPIKE-FILLED ROCK! EFFECTIVE, I AGREE! BUT WHY DID YOU GO TO ALL THIS BOTHER?
WHY, STARR? BECAUSE AS AN ACTOR I AM INTERESTED IN THE STUDY OF HUMAN EMOTIONS! EMOTIONS SUCH AS FEAR! FEAR SUCH AS YOU WILL FEEL... FOR ALREADY THE WAXEN PILLARS ARE SOFTENING... BENDING!
YOU MADE A BAD JOB OF CASTING THIS LITTLE DRAMA, ACTOR, BECAUSE YOU WON'T GET A PEEP OUT OF ME!
BUT THIRTY MINUTES LATER, DESPITE HIS OWN DEFIANT WORDS, DON STARR FEELS HIS BLOOD TURNING COLD...
ANY MOMENT NOW THOSE PILLARS ARE GOING TO COLLAPSE COMPLETELY! BUT THAT THEATRICAL RAT ISN'T GOING TO HEAR ME PLEAD FOR MERCY...!
I AM SENSITIVE TO SUCH THINGS, STARR. YOU MAKE NOT A SOUND... BUT I FEEL THE FEAR EMANATING FROM YOU!
ANOTHER SIXTY TENSE SECONDS PASS. THEN...
THE PILLARS! THEY'RE COLLAPSING! NOW, STARR... DIE! DIE!... DIE!
BUT AN INSTANT BEFORE THE TOP STONE PLUMMETS DOWN...
HE... HE'S GOT FREE... GET HIM, HEADHUNTER! QUICKLY! PUT A POISON DART IN HIM!
BUT IT IS FROM THE AGENT'S HAND THAT A DEADLY DART STREAKS...
THIS BELONGS TO YOU, HEADHUNTER! NOW YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK!
AAAAHHHHH!
AS THE KILLER FROM THE JUNGLE FALLS...
I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW DID YOU GET FREE?
AN OLD AND OBVIOUS TRICK, PROFESSOR, BUT IT WORKED! WHEN I JUMPED AT HIM A WHILE BACK, REMEMBER... IT WAS TO STEAL ONE OF THE DARTS FROM THAT CUTE QUIVER HE HAD UNDER HIS COAT! ALL THE TIME THE WAX PILLARS WERE MELTING I WAS DIGGING THE POINT OF IT INTO THE ROPE AROUND MY WRISTS! THEY PARTED... JUST IN TIME!
THE DARTS WERE TIPPED WITH A DEATH POISON INSTEAD OF THE HIDEOUS STUFF HE USED BEFORE. I REALISED THAT WHEN THE ACTOR TOLD HEADHUNTER TO USE IT ON YOU IF YOU TRIED ANYTHING...
THE OTHER MAN... THE ACTOR! HE'S FLED INTO THE HOUSE! AND HE'S TAKEN THE STAR OF MINOS WITH HIM!
AS THE ACE AGENT FOLLOWS...
BE CAREFUL! THERE'S MY COLLECTION OF SPEARS AND DAGGERS AND OTHER BARBARIC WEAPONS IN THE HOUSE! HE WON'T HESITATE TO USE THEM!
IF THERE WAS A SHERMAN TANK IN THERE FOR HIM TO USE... I'D STILL GO IN AFTER HIM, PROFESSOR!
IF HE ESCAPES HE'LL FIND HIMSELF ANOTHER HEADHUNTER... AND START THE WHOLE NASTY BUSINESS ALL OVER AGAIN!
THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT THIS OUT... HIM AND ME... TO THE FINISH!
Next Week: THE FINAL ACT!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

PUZZLE ! Who's the dedicated soul who nurses the very *best* from artist and writer ? Who boneys letterers and layout-men into doing just a little more than is humanly possible ? Who, for the sheer love of it, is willing to ruin eyesight correcting proofs, and rip nerves into shreds sweet-talking printers into unbelievable heights of co-operation ? No, it's NOT some little old lady sweet and kind ! It's NOT our favourite nice old maiden aunt ! It's that overworked, underestimated, feverish-eyed, genius-of-all-work . . . subject of our final fling at educational extemporaneousness (! !) . . . *the EDITOR ! !*

Assuming that somewhere there's *someone* nutty enough to want to *be* an editor we'll try to find out what makes this human work-horse tick !

First, what does he DO ? Well, the editor *doesn't* (usually, anyway) make the office coffee . . . but that's about *all* he doesn't do ! It's his job to judge what his readers want and then inspire artist and writer into *producing* what is wanted ! It is he who frets the pages from artist and letterer and thence to the printer ! It is the editor who worries out the printing problems that seem to occur on *every* page of *every* issue ! It is the editor who must keep a jaundiced eye on the circulation of his paper, and if it drops (perish the thought !) it is he who must know what to DO about it !

Often he develops the notion that ' nobody loves him ' . . . that to writers and artists he's a computer-hearted, hustling, slave-driver ! He can become convinced that, somehow, a deadly *feud* has sprung-up between him and his printer . . . and that one fateful day the printer is sure to *win* ! He'll swear that for every reader's letter he gets praising his publication TWO MORE will criticise it !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Jim Ingham, New South Wales, Australia ; David Physall, Gravesend, Kent ; Dale Rolls, Margate, Kent ; Nicholas Hill, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs ; Andrew Quick, Teynham, Kent ; Janet Freestone, Wigston, Leicester ; Marian Heaney, County Armagh, N. Ireland ; Martin Gliddon, Aintree, Liverpool 9 ; Robert Griffiths, Ferndown, Dorset ; Martin Trend, Hove, Sussex ; Lynn Duckworth, Blackburn, Lancs ; Patricia Freestone, Leicester ; Raymond Oakley, Palmers Green, London, N.13 ; Ian Duncan, Renfrew, Scotland ; Dolores Buckenham, Cheltenham, Glos ; Stuart Bellamy, Barnsley, Yorks ; Betty Ann Double, Leighton Buzzard, Beds ; Peter Clarkson, Rotherham, Yorks ; Stephen Brown, Wallasey, Cheshire ; Eve Craig, Hendon, London, N.W.4.

In fact, he's a past-master at *worrying* ! Because that's the way it gets you !

The editor has cut his teeth on aspects of printing, publishing, reader motivation, marketing and what-have-you ! He's learned to spot the minutest weakness in story or art ! And, most important of all, by starting on the bottom rung of his profesh (often as office boy) he's gained his degree in that tough, heart-breaking school called EXPERIENCE !

So there's your editor ! That's his life ! That's OUR LIFE ! And the makes-no-sense thing about it is . . . WE LOVE IT ! !

Well, has this three-part course for you frantic ones interested in comics publishing as a career been useful ? If it HAS . . . then maybe we'll *see you around* some day ?

★ ★ ★

Back in the twenties American gangsters coined the expression ' rubbing out a guy ' when what they really meant was shooting some luckless individual very dead ! Well, the old-style gangsters are no longer around and their jargon is as dated as last year's headline news. But now, through the courtesy of Power, the term ' rubbing him out ' has zoomed back to swinging, contemporary life ! We're talking about this week's TERRIFIC ! About the first of the new Giant-Man/Wasp series ! In which they face a foe more efficient at ' rubbing out ' than any thousand gangsters ever were ! That's why this threat to humanity is called THE ERASER ! ! (subtle, aren't we ?). But if that wasn't trouble enough to our heroic pair, THE ERASER is only *part* of the force of evil they *must* overthrow ! You see, THE ERASER works for an even more villainous boss who . . . well, you get TERRIFIC, this week, and read *all* about it !

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READ IT IN

POW!

ON SALE NOW !

TERRIFIC ! printed in Great Britain by Fleetway Printers, 17 Sumner Street, London, S.E.1, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months £1 0s. 8d., abroad 12 months £2 14s. 2d. Send orders to Subscription Dept. 8/9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. CONDITIONS OF SALE: this periodical shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers be lent, resold or hired out at more than the recommended selling price as shown on the cover, or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

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